

THE JOURNAL.

W. R. HEARST.

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THE WEATHER.

The official forecasts for to-day indicate that it will be cloudy followed by light snow, while Easterly winds will prevail.

The Populists mean to have a red-hot National Convention, if they don't succeed in having anything else.

A menu of dry bread coupled with a damp cell in the Tombs comes very near to being cruelty, although Warden Fallon may not think so.

The definite retirement of Mr. Croker from Tammany Hall is to be marked by a banquet in the early days of February.

The friends of Thomas Brackett Reed exhibit an intention to use the Morton boom as a punching bag while training their man for the fight.

Roosevelt says he does not enforce the Excise statute because it's moral, but because it's law. This makes a distinction with a difference, and both may become important.

That round-the-table shot of the Kaiser to count on Krueger, wherein he used the reverse English, is applauded by all Europe. Salisbury should chalk his cue with care.

Berlin was brilliant with ceremonies yesterday in celebration of the German Empire's twenty-fifth birthday, and Emperor Wilhelm said yesterday that the Empire would continue a "pillar of peace."

A clairvoyant in late converse with the spook of Andrew Jackson reports that the General says that while the present age announces the Monroe Doctrine correctly, it should be careful and not forget the charge of powder which goes with it.

"St. Joe (Mo.) police are patrolling the cemeteries," says a Kansas City paper. Probably the town is so dead the cemeteries have become boisterous and turbulent by comparison; hence the peculiar disposition of the police force.

The Democrats of New York and Brooklyn are not adequately represented on the joint legislative committee to report on the Consolidation question. Only one of the membership goes to the Democratic party.

Captain Anson, formerly of the Chicago B. R. C., and who went recently to bat as one of Hoyt's stars, has fanned out. Anson could make nothing of Hoyt's curves, but as he retires from the dramatic home plate he asserts that fair umpiring instead of putting him out on strikes would have given him a base on balls called on Hoyt's play.

our worthy Solons. Let us find out just who are real workers for the abolition of the ills from which so many tens of thousands of toilers suffer, and who are drones. It will be a black spot on a legislator's record if he is noted as putting off labor legislation. It is quite as imperative as Consolidation or Excise.

The House chaplain petitioned the Throne of Grace to free Cuba. The House applauded, although it does not appear that Omnipotence took any action. Anent this House applause of his orisons it might be recommended to the good chaplain to break himself of the habit of praying to the grand stand. This fishing over the side of Heaven to catch the gudgeon of House popularity will not meet general indorsement.

PEACEMAKERS WANTED.

There is work for some of the numerous peace organizations in the settling of the dispute between President Eliot, of Harvard, and Susan B. Anthony. Modern civilization will not permit a resort to arms. Mr. Eliot is too glib to use his fists as weapons for punishment when a woman is his antagonist. The present controversy by means of letters is undignified. So arbitration seems to be a stern necessity.

The point at issue is a question as to bulwarks. In a recent magazine article President Eliot used the sentence: "The bulwarks of the Commonwealth will pry the all the stronger and more lasting because women, as well as men, can work on them, and help to transmit them, even broader and firmer, from generation to generation."

This was a manly declaration, and it is understood that Mr. Eliot is willing to stand by it. He objects, however, to having Miss Anthony quote him in such a way that it appears that the bulwark to which he referred was woman's suffrage. It was an entirely different kind of bulwark which he had in mind, Mr. Eliot claims, and as he is "posed to giving women the right to vote, he naturally makes vigorous protest. If the matter had ended with a protest, there would be no cause to fear a disturbance of the peaceable relations of fellow-citizens within the republic; but unfortunately Susan has said something in answer to his protest which he has construed into an intimation that he is a "traitorous and dangerous person." It is this new phase of the controversy which causes alarm. Were Susan a man the whole nation would be talking of the possibility of a duel.

RECOGNIZE THE CUBAN PATRIOTS.

The time for the recognition of the Cuban patriots as belligerents is at hand. The courage, energy and skill which have compelled Campos to retire from the field, which have struck old Spain the most staggering blows that she has received for years, and which have conclusively demonstrated to the world that she cannot keep the Cubans down, claim the sympathy as well as the admiration of the United States. To give Spain time to send into the field the harsh and brutal Polavieja, to cover the "ever faithful island" with scaffolds, would be an infamy. The insurgents have pushed their campaign triumphantly from the eastern part of the island, where more than a year ago they began with a handful of adherents, to the western portion, and the sparks from the burning plantations which mark their victorious course have singed the beard of the Spanish commander. In a twelvemonth they have demonstrated to the veteran Marshal, the adviser of the Queen, the bulwark against revolution in Spain, that he is no longer of any use in Cuba. He cannot, with all his armies, protect the property from which Spain derives her revenues. He cannot guarantee the safety of Havana. The skirmishers of the militant Republic can be seen daily from the ramparts of the Capital City which has for so many generations been the chief seat of Spanish corruption in the New World. At any moment the flag of the Republican government may be raised in the Havana suburbs. Under such circumstances, what can a Marshal of Spain do but accept his Government's "permission" to resign and take ship over sea, as Campos will do on Monday morning?

He leaves a temporary successor in General Marin, with whom General Pando, who is now at Santiago de Cuba, will be associated; and those personages have before them the daily prospect of defeat until Spain rallies in desperate attempt to blockade the Cubans, and starve them out of the ports which they are certain to take. Driven to the sea, Spain will set her blockading fleet in action. The blockade is her only refuge. Will the best customer of Cuba stand by and see her hemmed in, her resources rendered useless, when by saying a single word she can give the infant Republic a new lease of life? In compelling the withdrawal of Campos the insurgent armies have gained as adequate a title to recognition as belligerents as if they had already captured a port. They have a right to arms and munitions of war, to sympathy and encouragement.

In all history there is no finer instance than this of heroic endurance under crushing difficulties. Troops by tens of thousands have been poured in upon them. They have been hunted in the tropical forests as if they were outlaws. Their coasts have been patrolled night and day by armored cruisers. Their property has been literally taxed out of their possession. Their relatives and friends have been thrown into prisons. An army of civilian carpet-baggers has followed the army of soldiers, to eat up every source of profit, to steal everything stealable. Estates which were slowly recovering from the long wastage of the Ten Years' War have been confiscated. Patriots taken in battle have been shot without quarter. And every steamship headed for Madrid has taken out treasure wrung from the suffering people in the cities, who, were they not trodden beneath the iron heel and smitten down by the mailed hand, would arise and throw their oppressors into the sea.

Was there ever a more fit time for lending the helping hand? Is it not the hour to extend it in the name of honor and mercy? Have not President Salvador Cisneros Betancourt, Vice-President Bartolome Maso, Secretary of War Carlos Roloff, Secretary of Foreign Affairs Rafael Portuondo y Tamayo and General-in-Chief Maximo Gomez, of the Cuban Republic, won their right to recognition? Can the Congress of the great Republic of the North longer refrain from recognizing the valorous little Republic of the lustrous South, which, machete in hand, has fought its way out of the cane brake and to-day drenches the fastnesses of Spain?

It would be a blot upon the memory of the present Congress and of the Administration if it were to neglect so great an opportunity. A people that has so nobly dared and so bravely endured deserves to be welcomed forth from the category of insurgents and aided to gain its standing among the nations.

A "SCORCHER'S" DEATH.

In the story told by witnesses concerning the manner in which William H. Kilton, of Brooklyn, met a fatal accident at a late hour on a recent evening, there is still another emphatic warning to careless bicyclists.

Kilton was apparently riding with a coach through Prospect Park when the accident occurred. At any rate, he was riding homeward, very late at night, at a speed which must have been furious, and when his bicycle slipped upon a bit of ice in the roadway he was thrown to the ground with such force that he died before day-break.

Every circumstance at the time—the darkness, the late hour, the snow and ice still lingering in the shade of the park trees after they had elsewhere disappeared, the fatigue of a long day's run—would have suggested to a cautious rider the need of great care. And the rider who is not cautious risks his life every time he mounts his wheel.

Platt is accused by his foes of working a Presidential shell game, and they now call him the Canada Bill of politics. They claim, too, that when the Platt pea is discovered it will be found lodged under the Tom Reed thimble.

ARE WE UGLY?

When "Ouida" has finished a novel she rests her nerves by indulging in a diatribe against something or somebody. It refreshes her and does no one any harm. A certain picturesqueness of invective, a poetical fashion of scolding, a dilettante manner of grumbling, gives her work value, and the reviews buy it and advertise it largely.

But once in a while "Ouida" gets hold of the wrong end of a subject, as she has done in talking in a London review of "The Ugliness of Modern Life." Nothing suits her in these end-of-century days. The broad streets which are replacing the narrow and dirty avenues in the Italian cities which she loves; the railroads which stretch across all plains and round the bases of the noblest mountains; the omnibus boats which steam back and forth in Venetian canals, affrighting the gentle gondolas for their historic haunts, disturb and alarm her. Because the old beauty has been swept away, she cannot see that a new one has replaced it. She has no eyes for the exquisite new gardens, and miles of smiling streets, full of light and fresh air, which replace the Ghettos and slums of the past.

She does not confine her observations to the Italy where she lives. England and other Northern lands worry her mightily. She calls them "ugly," the bicycle, the omnibus, the factory chimney, the dress of the cad, all give her pain because they are not beautiful. But she does not choose to consider the hundreds of towns with wide, umbrageous avenues lined with beautiful homes, full of refinements such as were

never dreamed of in a past age. She forgets to mention the luxury and the actual beauty of the appliances for travel by land and sea; the tens of thousands of reproductions of works of art which make beauty accessible to the humblest; the tendency observable everywhere in America and Europe to make the workshop ornate and imposing.

She spins her senseless phrases about the bicycle without a thought that she is simply telling untruths. If she would but travel in America, and see a park full of cyclists on a bright day, she would learn that there is something else in cycling than "the cad rushing on with his shrill scream of laughter as he knocks down the feeble woman or the yearling child." She would see that beauty is broadcast now; that the masses get twice as much of it as they did in the Cinque Cento, where it was concentrated in little corners.

Our modern life ugly? We think not as a whole. Even the most prosaic of cities concentrate within their boundaries far more of beauty accessible to all than was to be found in the fortress-towns or when the world was younger.

When Magistrate Mott relaxes from the sardonic humor in which he indulges while bullying reporters into the intense melancholy which is his habitual condition, he is a gloomy and impressive spectacle. An Egyptian pyramid's interior in the middle of the night is not a more impressive thing. To reason with him when he is in that mood would be quite useless. It is only when he is agitated by anger that he is accessible to reason.

AN UNEXPECTED WITNESS.

J. G. Stedman, an English captain in the service of the Dutch toward the close of the last century, left a little book behind him which now rises up out of the oblivion in which it has lain for generations to confront Lord Salisbury, and to furnish substantial proof that his statements as to the boundary between British Guiana and Venezuela cannot be supported.

Captain Stedman was in his youth when he sailed from Holland in 1772, for Paramaribo, and he was for some years an officer in what was then known as the "Scots Brigade." He was of an observing turn of mind, and after his return to Europe he published a volume on Dutch Guiana, which had the honor of being illustrated with beautiful engravings by William Blake, the famous English artist and mystic. This volume, which was printed in London in 1797, in Paris in 1798, and again in England about 1813, has a map showing clearly that the Dutch claim—which is, of course, the only one to which the English have succeeded—extended in those days only to the Pomaron River.

This seems to dispose conclusively enough of all Lord Salisbury's attempts to prove an ancient Dutch title to lands in the interior of Venezuela.

Crepo, the Venezuelan President, was born on a ranch in the Orinoco Valley, of Spanish and Indian parents. His wife is also of mixed blood and of humble parentage. Crepo has been in the service of the Venezuelan nation since his boyhood, when he entered the army. By the time he was thirty he had distinguished himself sufficiently to be put in command of a division.

BROKER CHAPMAN GUILTY.

The Jury Remained Out All Night and Then Sought Special Instructions.

Five Minutes Later They Agreed Upon Their Verdict in the Contempt Case.

JUDGMENT STAYED PENDING APPEAL.

A New Trial May Be Granted, but the Associate Prosecutions Will Await the Final Settlement of Points of Law by the Supreme Court.

Washington, Jan. 18.—The jury in the case of Elvinton R. Chapman, the New York stock broker under indictment for refusing to answer the questions of the Senate Sugar Trust Investigating Committee, which retired at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon with instructions from Judge Cole tantamount to directing a verdict of guilty, returned to the court room about noon to-day and put the following question to the Judge:

"Is the admission by the defendant that the questions set forth in the indictment were substantially the same as put to him by the committee equivalent to an admission that they were the same, and can the jury act upon that hypothesis?"

"I reply in the affirmative," said Judge Cole. The jury again retired, and in five minutes reported an agreement upon a verdict of guilty. The counsel for the defense immediately made motions for a new trial and for an arrest of judgment.

The District-Attorney stated that he desired to ask the court whether the cases of the other men under similar indictments, but Judge Cole said he wished the Court of Appeals to pass upon the Chapman case before he decided whether to proceed. He said he had replied to the question of the jury as he did for the purpose of getting the case out of the hands of the jury. It was not certain that he would refuse to grant a new trial, but if he did so it would be also to await an opinion from the Court of Appeals before proceeding with the other cases. They might be set for trial during the first week of March, although the case of Chapman, which they could be heard at that time.

Mr. Chapman was then released on \$1,000 bail, pending the further action of the Court. The motions for new trial and arrest of judgment will probably be argued on Saturday of next week.

Elvinton R. Chapman is a member of the Stock Exchange house of Moore & Schley. He refused to testify when he was summoned before the Senate Investigating Committee in the last Congress and asked to reveal the suspected speculative operations in sugar stock of certain Senators. He was held in contempt of the Senate, and the United States Court at New York, which was indicted and brought to trial.

The investigation of the sugar scandals followed the passage of the Wilson tariff bill. It was reported that certain Senators had been influenced in their attitude regarding the sugar schedule by indirect bribery through a participation in enormous speculative deals of the Sugar Trust magnates. Moore & Schley were conspicuous during the sugar fight in Congress and the United States Court, and which they handled on the stock exchange, and the apparent presence of all of their operations. It was not known in Wall Street whether the accounts of Moore & Schley's operations in sugar stock was due to superior information from Washington or direct speculative orders from that center.

The Senate committee tried to get at the heart of the matter and vainly tried to force Mr. Chapman to reveal whether or not he had been in the sugar stock market through his firm, Mr. Chapman claimed that the firm's relations with the sugar trust were confidential and not at the disposal of the Senate.

The case will be appealed and will be carried up to the Supreme Court for final decision.

GOTHAM'S GUESTS.

Henry Watterson, of Louisville, Ky.; Hon. W. R. Ransom, of Raleigh, N. C.; Judge Lynde Harrison, of New Haven, Conn.; and W. A. Koebeling, of Trenton, N. J., are registered at the Hotel Hamilton.

HOLLAND HOUSE.—F. Jones, Chicago; J. P. Langhorne, San Francisco; W. Crump, Philadelphia; A. M. Betts, Toledo; J. J. Duffy, Chicago; E. S. Cotto, Boston; Horace Crosby, Boston; F. E. Henderson, Little Rock; T. G. Macomber, Portland; L. D. Parker, Hartford; Burton Park, New York; J. E. Devant, Albany.

IMPERIAL HOTEL.—C. S. Chidder, Boston; H. L. Thomas, Pittsburgh; G. S. Ruppener, Boston; G. P. Hilton, Albany; A. J. Smiley, Chicago; A. H. Lindike, St. Paul; W. D. Low, Boston; F. E. Henderson, Little Rock; T. G. Macomber, Portland; L. D. Parker, Hartford; Burton Park, New York; J. E. Devant, Albany.

ALBEMARLE.—A. G. Orena, Santa Barbara, Cal.; G. Dunsmore, New Haven; S. K. George, Ellipton City, Md.

HOLYMAN.—C. J. Zed, Chicago; J. S. Johnson, Minneapolis; W. B. Kennedy, Chicago; C. Davis, Chicago; A. L. Bowman, Indianapolis; L. H. Schultz, Chicago; M. Corrigan, Montreal; J. Lee, St. Louis; G. S. Klein, Altoona; G. H. Brown, Cleveland.

GILSBY.—C. E. Beann, Portland, Me.; E. C. C. Chesney, Meadway, Boston; A. E. Rock, Philadelphia; W. K. Park, Philadelphia; J. M. Vall, Vermont; C. P. Stokes, Chicago; G. S. Mills, Boston; G. M. Rice, Boston; K. Jones, Baltimore; C. W. Hills, Boston.

BUCKINGHAM.—Mrs. L. B. Harrison and Miss Harrison, Cincinnati; Miss A. Lee, Boston; Miss M. A. Harris, Paris; E. C. Shannon, Washington; E. de Manlis, Honduras.

ST. JAMES.—C. H. Plumb, Chicago; J. H. Cowling, Washington; W. S. Harris, New York; J. H. George, Philadelphia; T. R. Webb, Chicago; E. H. Morrison, Philadelphia; T. L. Drake, Chicago.

More or Less in the Public Eye.

Dr. Jameson, whose name is now in every one's mouth, was educated as a boy at the Godolphin School, Hammersmith, from which he went to study medicine at the University College Hospital, in 1873. At the Godolphin School also Sir A. W. Hemming, the new Governor of British Guiana, was educated.

Among the decorations bestowed at the Ellysae on New Year's Day was one given to a Sister of Mercy known as Sister Saint-Remy. She received the Cross of the Legion of Honor for having served thirty-nine years in the military hospital at Rheims.

Sir John Gordon Spry has got back to the Premiership of the Cape Colony in a curious manner. When Mr. Rhodes made his speech of the place in 1880 it was generally thought that he had lost touch of power for many years to come, and had a less joyful day in England, and later, in "this fair Canada," her adopted home.

Mrs. Catherine Parv Trill, now in her ninety-third year, the only living sister of Agnes Strickland, is living on the banks of the Ottonabee, at Lakefield, Canada. She is an enthusiastic naturalist, and has been a keen sportsman since her husband's death. "Minne-wawa" on Stony Lake. Her last volume, "Fishes and Pebbles," contains a sketch of her early days in England, and, later, in "this fair Canada," her adopted home.

Art and Golds Discussed by the Girls.

The president of the Tencup Club rapped for order and remarked, in hoarse tones: "We had not time to fully discuss woman in relation to art at our last meeting, and I think we might, with benefit to ourselves, pursue the subject further to-day."

"I think so, too," said the brown-eyed blonde, "and I had intended to volunteer a paper on Angelica Kauffman, but, unfortunately, I quarrelled with Mr. — the man who was to tell me all about her, before I had secured the information. I don't suppose it will make any difference, though."

"It sets a bad example to the others, that is all—I only hope none of them will follow it," returned the president. "Oh, dear, what a horrible cold I have! I can't imagine how I caught it, either."

"What a shame!" said the girl with the Roman nose; "you seemed to be having such a lovely time at the reception last evening, too. How brave of you to be so jolly when you are feeling so ill!"

"Oh, I wasn't at all ill then. Tom insists that I caught cold by leaving off my heavy underwear to appear in a low-cut gown. Did you ever hear of anything so absurd? Why, I couldn't have caught cold then, for the rooms were so hot that I actually had to go into the conservatory to cool off."

"Men have such queer ideas," said the girl with the classic profile. "Now, papa always insists that I must go out in all weathers. Of course I catch awful colds when it is wet, and he insists that it is because my shoes are too thin. Isn't it provoking, when it could all be prevented by remaining in the house?"

"So illogical," sighed the girl with the eyeglasses. "I have an awful cold, too, and I just don't know how I caught it. It couldn't have been from wearing a low-cut gown in my case, either, for I wore my lovely new pearl necklace. I don't think any one has a right to trifle with her health."

"You are quite right," said the girl with the Roman nose; "besides, colds are so unbecoming. What are you doing for yours? A teaspoonful of paregoric, if taken at once, will—"

"Don't waste time on that," broke in the girl with the dimple in her chin; "whiskey and quinine will cure!"

"Don't you believe that for an instant," cried the brown-eyed blonde; "the only real remedy for a cold is a towel wrung out of cold water and wrapp!"

"Now, does a bit of good," said the president; "I've tried it. A spice plaster on the chest is the only infallible remedy for a cold, and I ought to know, for I have one all the time."

"Nonsense! A good, hot lemonade, with plenty of Jamaica ginger in it, is the best thing to break up a cold," said the girl with the classic profile; "try it, and you'll—"

"Oh, no. Take a hot mustard foot-bath, then jump into bed and pile on a lot of covers," said the girl with the eyeglasses. "Of course you will be perfectly wretched and want to die, but it is a sure cure."

"Then why don't you try it yourself," said the girl with the dimple in her chin, in a defiant tone.

"I shan't, because I hate it. Why didn't Eva try her spice plaster, I'd like to know, if it is such a sure cure?"

"Why, I did," said the president, "and it didn't do me a bit of good. I know it to be excellent, however, and I advise—"

"You had better send for the doctor," broke in the girl with the eyeglasses; "I shan't, myself, because our family physician is horrid. He is old, has big, ugly hands, and always says it is my own fault when I catch cold."

"I know it," groaned the girl with the dimple in her chin; "papa insists upon employing him, too. I always hurry up and try to get well as fast as I can, just to be rid of him, and then the mean old thing takes all the credit of it to himself."

"Of course he does," said the girl with the classic profile; "just like a man, too! However, Eva is married and need never do what she doesn't like any more."

"Very true," said the president. "Look here, girls, I'm afraid our topics for discussion are growing rather heavy; perhaps we had better lighten them up a bit."

"Perhaps we had," said the girl with the Roman nose; "of course, you have a husband already and need not be amusing, but if the rest of us become too well informed and intellectual we may never—"

"Get any," broke in the girl with the dimple in her chin; "and, what is worse, nobody will ever believe us when we say we might have had them had we chosen."

"Very true," said the president. "Well, this has been an awfully interesting meeting, but I think we must adjourn now. I shall go home and to bed—it may make Tom ashamed of some of the things he said this morning. I think I'll have the doctor, too; my complexion is simply horrid; besides, he has been attending Mrs. Newbury, and can tell me if she really calls her butler 'Mr. Hodge.'"

The Jester.

"Dear me," said Maudie, "there has been a dreadful lot of talk in the financial articles about a gold ring. What do you suppose they are driving at?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Maudie, in a weary tone. "I guess it's just some more of this silly joking about engagements." Washington Star.

Interfered with Again.

When John Duvranel Bull attempted to sail over the Grand Canyon, the Bear expedition steamed got in the way. Minneapolis Journal.

The Exaggerated Agent.

"Now as to the salary—" "Fifty per cent is what I shall expect." "What! Fifty per cent of the gross?" "Dear me, no. Fifty per cent of what your principal will say you are paying me." "Oh!" Indianapolis Journal.

Not a Corkscrew.

"May I inquire," asked the eagle, "why you are carrying that corkscrew?" "To use it," replied the crow, "I should not think my bird's beak is too small to grip the handle of a corkscrew." Indianapolis Journal.

Unsentitive.

"What were you arguing so violently about with Smithers, professor?" "What? About a blooming Jackass." "You ought to have knocked him down." "Oh, I didn't mind it, personally. It was the unsentitive nature of his statement that annoyed me." Indianapolis Journal.

Happy Days.

Bacon—Let me shake your hand, dear boy; this is one of the happy days of your life. Eggert—You're too precious, old man. I'm not to be married until to-morrow. Bacon—That's what I say. This is one of the happy days of your life. Yonkers Statesman.

Learning to Fly.

Wheeler—I believe the flying machine problem will be solved on the bicycle principle yet. Walker—Shouldn't wonder. Since I began learning I have made several aerial flights of ten or fifteen feet. Cincinnati Enquirer.

Losing Venture.

"Did you hear the joke on Dobson?" "No." "Take a cab last night for fear of being held up, and the driver charged him 60 cents more than Dobson had." Chicago Record.

What the Real People Have to Say

One Effect of Reduction in Postage.

Editor Journal: Sir—Please permit me to call your attention to an effect of the proposed reduction of letter postage throughout America, which seems to have escaped the public notice:

The great majority of postmasters in the United States of America receive their pay from stamp cancellation on matter mailed, which cancellation in such offices (i. e., the small ones) is mostly of letter postage.

Therefore a reduction of letter postage as proposed means a proportionate reduction of pay for every postmaster paid by cancellation, and means that a class of Government employees holding most responsible relations to the public, and required to be constantly at their posts, and who are now in most cases receiving little remuneration for the service performed, shall have the small pay they do receive cut down one-half.

Business men may say that a reduction in postage rates will be followed by an increase of mail matter sufficient to make stamp cancellation the same as before. I asked them to consider how many letters they failed to mail to-day which they would have sent if the postage had been as before. I believe that there is one business man in this country who has failed to send one business letter because of the rate of postage. But I believe that there is a single social or other letter delayed for the same reason.

The present rates of postage are in no way detrimental to business men. They all pay the same rate, and whatever it may be, charge the cost of business postage with other expenses to their customers. Business men, as the matter stands, have no just cause for complaint, and in my judgment their call for a reduction of postage is simply a matter of business—i. e., get your own pay, pay a little postage, and never mind who is injured. I question if a reduction of postage would bring any real good to any one. Those making letters would be tempted to pay, but people, who feel that they do not get their money's worth when their letters are delayed from one day to another, at the present rate would still feel aggrieved if the rate was lower, would probably be more likely to be carried for nothing, but the proposed reduction would be a rank injustice to the postmasters involved who are now doing the work of the post office for a small salary.

Therefore, I submit to you that the business men's petition, which you refer to in your editorial, is not to be taken into consideration, but should be headed nearly as follows:

To the House of Representatives, U. S. A.: Whereas the great majority of the postmasters of these United States are paid more for their services by cancellation of postage on matter mailed than they are for the undersigned "business men," respectfully request that the little compensation they now receive be taken from them by a reduction in rates of letter postage. Our plea is, "It's business."

West Cornwall, N. Y., Jan. 16, 1896.

Must Have a Local Diploma.

Editor Journal: Dear Sir—Kindly let me know through the columns of your paper whether a drug clerk with foreign diploma is required to make a course through hospital—I have reference to Germany—E. A. F. HETSCHKE, Hartford, Conn., Jan. 8, 1896.

Apply to the Civil Service Commission.

Editor Journal: Dear Sir—Will you please inform me where I can obtain back copies of examination papers of the third branch of classified service—postal service? There have been a few published in the reports of the Civil Service Commission, but I got the ones I desire. A business college in Washington claims to have received copies of them from the Civil Service Commission, but they will not grant me copies of them for \$50. Now, when they received them free, I got them, and I should not be so foolish as to pay the same for them. Any information you can give me upon the subject will be thankfully received. Please answer as soon as possible. CONSTANT READER.

Earth Probably Needs Stirring.

Editor Journal: Dear Sir—Would you please tell me what is the matter with my rubber tree? The leaves are all falling off. I have tried to keep it warm and fresh when they fall off. Yours truly, CASPAR STAPP, No. 343 West Fifty-second street, New York City.

He Is a Citizen and Can Hold Office Whether He Votes or Not.

Editor Journal: Dear Sir—Will you kindly inform me if a man who is a citizen of the United States, and who is a citizen of the United States by choosing to vote, and can he hold office if elected? DANIEL J. DONOVAN, No. 23 Westervelt street, Jersey City.

Lawyers Disagree as to This.

Editor